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LESSONS OF HUNGARY
—Thomas Molnar

THE

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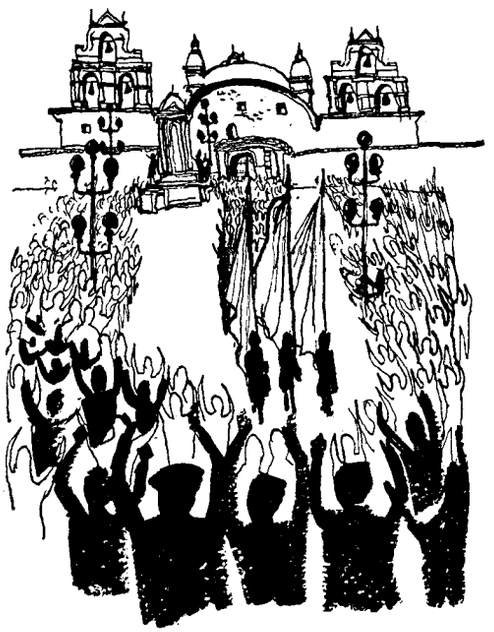

THE AMERICAS

A House Divided

by Jaime Potenze

A SUMMING-UP

The Worker Priests

by H. A. Reinhold

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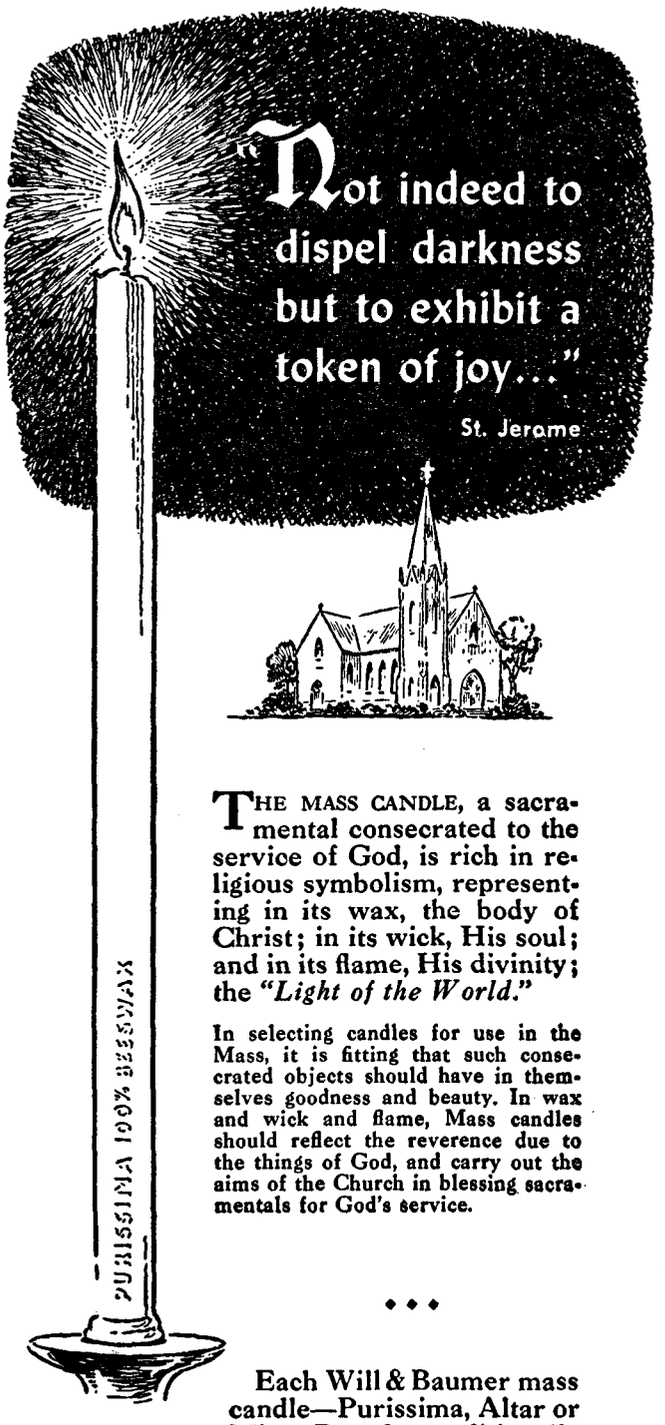

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

WHAT REINS?

NO SINGLE FACTOR is primarily responsible for the inflationary pressure that continues to disturb the President and his advisors. The Government itself, because of its vast expenditures, constitutes one of the principal causes. Higher wages and higher prices for finished products are another. Undoubtedly, high-pressure advertising and the beguilement to buy things for "nothing down" have a responsibility all their own.

Up to now the Government has sought to keep the lid on by a restrictive credit policy which leads to various personal and business hardships. Individual families in recent months have found it increasingly difficult to borrow even at higher interest rates. Many smaller businesses have been laboring under similar handicaps. Both builders and prospective home-owners have been feeling the pinch. Yet living costs keep right on rising.

This provides some of the background for the Administration's record peacetime budget of seventy-two billions. From many quarters in Washington and in the business world the demand for cuts has been vociferous. The President himself is calling for reductions in the budget. And many of these demands are couched in terms of warding off inflation.

The rub comes when people try to decide where the several billions they have in mind can be lopped off. To some people, an obvious place to begin is the thirty-eight billions assigned for the nation's defense expenditures during the next fiscal year. It is said, for instance, that efficiencies of the type recommended by the Hoover Commission could save a billion and more. The question is how much such efficiencies can be counted on in the armed services, whose operations even in peacetime almost inevitably involve a sizable amount of waste. But of much greater scope and importance is the question whether in the light of Soviet advances the defense budget is actually high enough. Here is a major item which would appear to stand in need of expansion, if anything.

Another vulnerable sector is foreign aid, both military and economic. Here again the nation's defense needs should decide. The new budget calls for a cut in foreign expenditures, and the over-all figure is so modest in comparison with the requirements of America's friends and allies the world over that drastic economizing would be imprudent. It would not help on this year's budget, but greater and more consistent attention should now be focused on the imaginative and less costly Point Four type of technical aid that would reduce requests for this nation's economic assistance in future years.

IT IS EASY enough, then, to advocate lopping off anywhere from two to five billions in 1956-7, difficult in the extreme to specify how to do it. There are vast domestic needs not adequately provided for in the new budget. If the material conditions of life are to be anywhere near what they should be in this prosperous United States, much remains to be done. If a vast school construction program is the most obvious national need in view of present and immediate-future urgencies, substantial loans and grants are also required for adequate housing and hospital facilities.

In other words, any attempt to curtail the President's budget by any appreciable degree would either impair the nation's defenses or cut into domestic expenditures that are essential. The budget for the coming fiscal year offers little opportunity for acceptable modifications that would help in the fight against inflation.

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The President has approached the problem by appealing to the patriotism of businessmen and labor leaders to moderate their objectives of increased profits and higher wages respectively. If such an appeal does strike a responsive chord here and there, surely it can hardly be counted on to reach the generality, or take the place of impersonal regulations.

What is left with which to confront the continuing inflationary threat? Already there are signs of increasing buyer resistance to higher prices; there is a temporary decline in business and mortgage loans and in new contracts for instalment buying. Yet all this is hardly sufficient. Under present restrictions inflation seems destined to continue, if at a moderate pace. The only major government device remaining—outside of price and wage controls—is unpalatable if often salubrious in the most prosperous times: heavier taxation.

STRONTIUM 90

A GROUP of Columbia University scientists has recently issued a report on the dangers to human life from radioactive atomic fall-out. The report, widely hailed as a piece of good news, concerns itself chiefly with Strontium 90, a radioactive by-product of nuclear explosions. Strontium 90 accumulates in the human bone structure, and it was feared that nuclear tests might in time cause an epidemic of bone cancer in the world.

The Columbia scientists say not. The human body absorbs Strontium 90 very slowly, they say, and at our present rate of testing, a dangerous accumulation of this substance will not occur for centuries. We suppose this is good news of a sort, but it is hard to be enthusiastic about it. The favorable conclusions are tempered by scientific caution in the fine print, which specifies that the findings apply only to the average man, and not to specific individuals. The Columbia scientists also say that while continuing nuclear explosions are without danger for the average man—as regards Strontium 90—"we are saying nothing of genetics."

There are other eminent scientists who disagree with these "optimistic" findings. There are those who speak of dangers other than that of Strontium 90. Such misgivings are not much publicized. Last year the questions of Adlai Stevenson on the possible effects of atomic fall-out were rudely dismissed by President Eisenhower and other members of the official family.

Is it cowardly or impractical to think twice? Should we not pause—to find things out and talk them over—before unleashing on the world the possibilities of future horror?

NEXT WEEK

GEOFFREY WAGNER reassesses the Bloomsbury group in the light of recently published material.

"The members of this group thought of themselves as vaguely avant-garde, as peculiarly gifted and 'civilized,' and opposed to the taste of their immediate forbears. However, as J. K. Johnstone puts it . . . 'it would be wrong to think of them as revolutionaries in the intellectual world. They stood squarely within a tradition . . . they wanted to sweep out some trash, move in some new furniture, and re-arrange the rooms.'"

THE PRICE OF UNITY

AS THE SIXTEENTH national convention of the Communist Party of the United States came to a close, the delegates were told that "the Party won." And the three hundred delegates, believing this, cheered enthusiastically. This, at least, is the story offered by the *Daily Worker*.

The convention opened with the expectation of sharp differences, for the downgrading of Stalin and the Hungarian massacre did not leave even American Communists completely untouched. William Z. Foster, former national chairman of the American Communist Party, was, however, almost completely insulated from these events by Communist ideology. He defended Russia's butchery of Hungary and continued to assert the need for allegiance to Russia. By allegiance he meant, of course, the complete subservience American Communists have always shown. Mr. Foster further demanded that the Party remain a party rather than become a "political or educational association," as John Gates had suggested.

John Gates, editor of the *Daily Worker,* was the leader of a faction which most strongly opposed Mr. Foster and his following. His faction was definite in its opposition to the excesses of Stalinism, and it asserted the need for the American C.P. to declare its independence of Moscow.

Between these two factions was a middle group whose spokesman was Eugene Dennis, general secretary of the Party. He leaned toward Mr.

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Gates in demanding a measure of freedom for the Party in America, but he was able to defend Russia's action in Hungary.

These, then, were the factions; participants and interested observers felt that discussion and debate would be inevitable. Mr. Foster did his best to outlaw opposition. But, while the convention was scarcely a lesson in democracy, some debate did take place. No faction was completely successful. The U.S. Party was to remain a Party. But it took a stand that Mr. Foster had previously said to be "an impossible position for a Communist Party"; it ruled that it would interpret and apply Marxist-Leninist principles in accordance with American conditions. The freedom suggested by this ruling was not sufficient, however, to allow any criticism of Soviet foreign policy, and the convention closed with the factions joined in uneasy unity.

These are the results that allowed the *Worker* to say that "the Party won." In one sense the statement is true, for the convention managed to smother severe criticisms that had previously appeared in the *Worker*. But it is more nearly correct to see the Communists in the position of Alice when she tried to judge a confused and confusing race. She was finally reduced to saying, "You all won, and you all get a prize." The largest prize admittedly went to Mr. Gates, who is, within the straitjacket of Communist commitment, the most liberal. While his victory would seem to allow more room for critical thought, he is still able to suppress convictions for the sake of the vaunted Party unity. His prize is more worthy than the others, but we cannot welcome it with loud cheers, strong hopes or high expectations.

SPIES, SABOTEURS AND PROPAGANDISTS

IF THE F.B.I. were to announce tomorrow that two thousand Soviet spies, saboteurs and propagandists were working undetected in the United States (a statement which might, we imagine, be true), it would cause a national furor. Yet recently Representative Francis E. Walter, the chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee, made a report to Congress which contained far more startling statements. In it he said, not that there were two thousand Communist spies, saboteurs and propagandists at work, but two hundred thousand. This number, he noted, represents the equivalent of twenty Soviet combat divisions and "far outnumbers" American troops on duty in the United States.

Yet anyone who expected a national alarum to result from Congressman Walter's statement waited in vain, as far as we can see. The newspapers seem to have been more interested in debating whether the U.S. has less than two hundred thousand troops on duty in the U.S., as Representative Walter said, or more than two hundred thousand, as the Pentagon insisted. But the essence of the statement itself has largely been ignored, a state of affairs that is strange and perhaps revealing.

Is the general lack of excitement over the House Committee's report due to a widespread pro-Communism among the American people? Are Americans in the year 1957 indifferent to or unaware of the threat that Communism poses? We think not; there are few subjects on which Americans are as unified as on this one. No, if the reports of the House Committee receive little serious attention, it has only itself to thank. The Committee has its own sets of devotees, but as far as the country at large is concerned, it seems to be talking into a dead microphone. The reason, we think, is clear.

Consider this particular report. It is a curious mixture of the real and the trivial, of fact and prejudice. One minute it discusses real dangers, such as the Soviet pressures on refugees to return to their homeland. The next it takes off to indulge in some personal prejudice, as in the running vendetta it has been carrying on against the Fund for the Republic.

Everyone knows the story of the boy who cried "Wolf!" too often. Yet in its latest report the Committee in effect cries "Wolf!" not once, not twice, but two hundred thousand times. And the key statement itself is transparently, almost painfully, meaningless, for in it the Committee is simply playing an old and familiar game. The rules of this game are simple. Lump together a number of categories, such as spies, saboteurs and propagandists. Protect yourself by noting somewhere that the figure includes those who are acting innocently "under the spell of Soviet propaganda." From there on, the sky is the limit. Two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand, five hundred thousand—what difference which figure is selected? No matter what total is selected, the figure remains the kind beloved by the advertising fraternity, the free-floating, open-ended figure, with no definable base which can be checked. More people smoke Luckies, twice as many people use a filter, two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand or five hundred thousand spies, saboteurs and propagandists are at work, depending, one suspects, less on the fortunes of the Communists than on how many people

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have criticized the work of the Committee during the past year.

There is more involved here than a statistical dispute. The lessons of history are clear. People soon tire of overstatement and exaggeration, and the danger is that in time they will lose interest in the real problem that exists beneath all the bombast. Alger Hiss almost went unscathed, because so many honest liberals had previously been treated as if they were Communists, and, it should be noted, by former members of this same House Committee; so accustomed had everyone then become to unfounded and exaggerated charges that when the Hiss case first broke it was hard to persuade many responsible people that there was real substance to the charges against him. The same kind of thing can happen again if groups like the House Committee persist in acting as if everyone with whom they disagree is a "Communist dupe."

This kind of procedure strikes us as political madness. Americans are not divided on the question of the Communist danger. The number of real pro-Communists in America is still too large, but it is small in proportion to the total population, and it is declining. An overwhelming majority of Americans—liberals and conservatives, Protestants, Catholics and Jews, Republicans and Democrats—are anti-Communist. Many Americans, however, from President Eisenhower on down, disagree with particular opinions of Mr. Walter and most of his associates. For the members of the Committee to have their own views on matters about which men of good will can and do disagree is one thing; for them to claim that their views, and only theirs, constitute "real" anti-Communism is something entirely different. Yet this is what is involved, and worse, when those who do not agree with members of the Committee end up as statistics under the heading of "Communist dupes." Such tactics may delight the Committee's little clique, but we do not see that they have much to do with waging a truly effective fight against Communism in which almost all Americans could join.

It may be sad that people pay so little attention to the reports of the House Committee, and many will find the fact alarming; under the circumstances, however, we do not see how it could be otherwise. A Committee that seems chronically incapable of distinguishing between people like Robert M. Hutchins or Paul Hoffman on the one hand and William Z. Foster or Eugene Dennis on the other is not only making itself look ridiculous; it is betraying the confidence placed in it by Congress and the people of the United States.

CHAMPIONS OF CIVIL RIGHTS

CIVIL RIGHTS legislation has not yet even reached the floor of Congress, but the hard political fighting is already going on. Thus far, Attorney General Brownell has borne most of the battle for the Administration, having undergone days of hostile questioning by the House and Senate subcommittees now considering the President's civil rights proposals. The unsympathetic reception given these proposals by the subcommittees surprised no one, but the questions asked of Mr. Brownell—and his answers—put the civil rights struggle in a new and curious light.

Congressional opposition to the proposed civil rights legislation is based, we are told, on a concern with civil liberties! The Southern Senators who are fighting the civil rights program maintain that its provisions threaten our constitutional guarantees of due process. For instance, Senator Sam J. Ervin Jr. of North Carolina expressed the fear that the new legislation might empower the President to use troops to enforce judicial decrees. Mr. Brownell dismissed this idea as a slur against President Eisenhower, but Senator Ervin countered by saying that he was concerned with governmental power regardless of who was President. Again, Mr. Brownell ridiculed Senator Ervin's solicitude for the civil rights of John Kasper, a white-supremacy rabble-rouser from New Jersey who has been found guilty of contempt by a Federal court for inciting opposition to school desegregation in Tennessee.

We may be tempted to dismiss this reversal of roles as simply ludicrous, but there is an important point involved. John Kasper, the members of the White Citizens Councils, the advocates of principles we may abhor are entitled to the same constitutional protection as any other citizen. It is easy to forget this—as Attorney General Brownell seems to have done momentarily—when we feel so securely on the side of the angels, and when our opponents seem so clearly in the wrong, but we must not. Civil liberties must be legally defined, and must be guarded from infringement no matter the person or the cause. We must be particularly vigilant when we know ourselves to be with the majority, when we may be tempted to let the end justify the means.

Having said this much, having supported the rights of the Southern Senators to debate the question on these grounds, we want nevertheless to record our firm belief that the contested legislation would in no way threaten individual liberty, and that it is a necessity, to restore civil rights where they have been violated.

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A House Divided

"THE AMERICAS ARE 'SISTER NATIONS,' BUT ALMOST ALL DISDAINFULLY IGNORE EVERYTHING ABOUT THEIR NEIGHBORS"

JAIME POTENZE

WHEN SOMEONE from the United States refers to South America he usually adds an adjective which connotes suffering or pain, disgrace or poverty. With the exception of the tourist agencies, which present a world that simply does not exist, made up of Cuban rumbas, Brazilian sambas and Peruvian bullfighters, most intelligent allusions to South America are tinged with pity.

To balance Havana's night clubs, one can find the wretched workers of the tobacco and sugar plantations. If in Bolivia there is a Patiño married to a real Bourbon princess, there are also slaves who sleep in beds that are always warm, because as soon as one returns from the mines for his rest another leaves for work—all so that Aramayo and Hochshild "tin barons" can go on losing fortunes in the glamorous international casinos.

It is true that the Modern Art Museum of Sao Paulo is perhaps the most important in the world, thanks to Mecenae Matarazzo, but it is also true that there are thousands of Negroes piled up in rotten shacks in Rio de Janeiro's "morros," within a few blocks of the Copacabana Palace Hotel, with its lavish floor shows . . . . Yes, the naked truth is that in every country in South America one can find violent contrasts, the most violent the imagination can conceive. People know this. What else do they know?

"The Americas are a free and united world," we held. Well, we are fed up with that refrain! The Americas are "sister nations," but almost all disdainfully ignore every thing about their neighbors right up to the type of government in power. And this blindness comes from the fact that most of us really do not care a hoot about what's going on in other nations of the Americas. If we hear that in the Dominican Republic the picturesque "Generalissimo Doctor" Trujillo has built a palace for his son Radames and appointed him General at the ripe age of nine, we simply laugh. When German Arciniegas points out that in thirty-one years there have been twenty-two presidents in Paraguay, we shrug our shoulders.

Mr. Potenze, an Argentine journalist and Christian Democrat, has contributed frequently to this magazine.

Let's be frank about it. I am a native of Argentina. We Argentines, and our brothers north of the border, have no real solidarity with our American neighbors. We know superficially that there have been Aztec and Mayan civilizations, that Chilean wines are exquisite, that Uruguay is "America's Switzerland," and we accept as natural the fact that generals, generalissimos or field-marshals govern these tough lands. It is true that we tear our clothing because this is so, and that we support unhesitatingly a Haya de la Torre (of whose aims we know nothing). Or we are ready to express our solidarity with any movement claiming to represent anti-imperialism (although we are not sure of the real meaning of imperialism), and words like Indo-America have a celestial sound to our ears (although if we temper our enthusiasm we find it is an idea no one can accept). But real understanding and solidarity do not exist.

RICHARD DYER, an American correspondent, summed up the Quitandinha Conference in 1947 with a sentence which was more than a wisecrack. On the day before the conference started, he sent a cable to the effect that due to the number of delegates who had arrived the whiskey supply of the Copacabana Palace Hotel was used up. And this is not surprising. The delegates had little else to do. At the conference the only mission of the "yes men" of Latin America was to assent to the dictates of the delegation of the United States of America.

There were, it is true, a few exceptions to this generalization. Argentina was one, but by the grace of God and not because of the principles of the men who then governed us. In Quitandinha, the goal was to consolidate peace; the distinguished delegates of South America knew that this was possible only through their support of the country which had strongly supported all the dictatorships "south of the border." In 1942, for example, Ambassador Avra Warren handed the illiterate Trujillo a diploma of *doctor honoris causa* from the University of Pittsburgh. And if Perón had wanted it, I am sure that Ambassadors

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Messersmith, Bruce or Nufer would have gladly given all the doctorates available, with Dwight D. Eisenhower—acting on the advice of Brother Milton—giving his blessing. Why not: if the Christian Democracies of Germany and Italy bestowed medals on Raul Apold, Perón's Press Secretary, justly called the Argentine Goebbels, there is little reason to suppose that other regimes would not grant a doctorate to Péron of any one of his gang.

The pattern of Quitandinha has been followed at almost all the Pan-American Conferences. I say "almost," because the Caracas one, in 1954, was marked by an incident that few people remember. Costa Rica, which is the only Christian Democratic country in America, simply refused to attend that conference because of the general lack of democracy in the Americas. Costa Rica was right. How could a representative of such a decent and democratic nation discuss democracy and freedom with men appointed by tyrants? Why should it lend its prestige to another farce? President José Figueres said no, but he was the only one.

SOUTH AMERICA is today, for the most part, a conglomeration of tyrannies governed by men who know that as long as they put their natural resources at the disposal of the United States, nobody will bother them. This and official anti-Communism guarantee that "American unity" will have no embarrassing fissures. But things would not have to be this way. If cooperation could really rest on the foundation of Pan-American spirit, the United States could be an important factor in the development of the countries south of the border. But things do not work out that way today.

Uruguay, for example, is one of the "democratic bulwarks" of the Continent, and has been always a close friend of the United States and a staunch supporter of the principles so dear to Pan-American Conferences. The backbone of Uruguay's economy is wool. However, when certain businessmen in the U.S. asked Washington to impose a special tax on Uruguayan wool so that little brother from the River Plate could not compete with them, Congress agreed. Apparently the economic policy of nations in such matters is still dictated by expediency.

Unfortunately, policy in this area seems to be dictated solely by the importance attached to the countries involved, and that importance is measured in material terms. When Costa Rica refused to attend the Caracas conference, the gesture went almost unnoticed because it is a small nation which counts only from a moral point of view. If Argentina had been reluctant to go to Caracas, however, things would have been different, and for obvious reasons. The latterday honeymoon between President Eisenhower and Perón, after all, was largely due to the fact that our oilfields can be important in the Pan-American economy, and the fact that our reserves in cattle, wheat and corn are also enormous. Factors like these things are inclined to make people listen. But who listens to little Costa Rica?

Basically, many of us in Latin America feel that the trouble stems from the policy of the United States. This policy supports tyrants and flouts Latin American opinion. Witness the army of doctors who flew to Nicaragua from the U.S. to help the late Dictator Somoza after he had been shot. No one, certainly, would want to say that killing Somoza was a good thing, but there is little sympathy with Eisenhower's gesture of sending at least three planes full of specialists to the stricken dictator.

Furthermore, if U.S. officials want to understand Latin America, it would be wise for them to study a little Spanish psychology through the ages, instead of banking on platitudinous slogans. When for reasons of its own the United States did issue a blue book against Perón, it intervened in precisely the wrong way. All the South American countries promptly supported the new David who was threatened by Goliath, and the victory of Perón was thus due in large measure to the blindness and stupidity of the State Department. In the same way, when Ambassador Peurifoy's wife was quoted in *Time* for her poems on the Guatemalan situation while her husband was serving there as a U.S. envoy (and at the same time backing the rebel revolution), there was widespread disapproval in Latin America. If there is one thing we do not want, it is this kind of North American interference in our affairs.

South America has moral as well as material resources. We feel that this fact is being ignored. South America is something more than rumbas, congas, tangos and parakeets. We feel that this too is being ignored. To establish real friendship between the U.S. and South American nations mutual understanding is indispensable. You must not think of South Americans as illiterate slum-dwellers; we must not think of you as being Negro-baiting money-grabbers. The truth of the matter is that we do not know each other well, and that generalizations are therefore dangerous and misleading.

If bigotry could be laid aside, and if the United States would put into effect in her Pan-American policy the principles enunciated in official speeches, we could be very good friends. Trujillo, Rojas Pinilla, Batista, Stroessner and Pérez Jimênez are not representative of the best of South America. The United States did a wonderful job in helping to sweep totalitarianism from Europe. We wish the U.S. would remember that South America belongs to the civilized world, too.

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The Worker Priests

H. A. REINHOLD

BY NOW the whole issue of the worker-priests has faded from our newspapers, apparently for good. This sudden silence necessarily leaves many of us in the U.S. puzzled. While things were going well, the French experiment met with a sympathetic interest in this country. But this interest died quickly as sensational stories seemed to indicate that all was not going well with the worker-priests, especially when two of the priests were arrested for participating in a Communist-inspired, anti-NATO "peace demonstration" in 1953.

Shortly after this incident I happened to be in Paris and called at the office of the superior of the worker-priests, Father P. Hollande. There I was told that the two priests involved were at the scene only to give first aid to the victims of police brutality, that they were mistakenly taken into custody with the demonstrators and were cruelly beaten during the interrogation. I was also told by the secretary that the "reactionary press," representing circles which resented the very idea of priests as workers, had intentionally maintained the misrepresentation in their columns and that it was very hard to break through this conspiracy of distortion. The ecclesiastical authorities were fully informed of this situation, I was told, and the Cardinal of Paris was deeply shocked by the attitude of the *"bien pensants,"* a term coined to describe the smug and the reactionary.

The constant commotion that began that summer went on for a year. The Holy See intervened. There were steps by the French bishops. The Nuncio called meetings of the hierarchy. A furious dispute went on in the press in which François Mauriac upheld the worker-priests. The Jesuit worker-priests withdrew from the experiment at the request of their superior. Several Dominicans were disciplined. A drastic revision of the whole idea of the worker-priest experiment was ordered, and a deadline for compliancy ordered. But when the deadline came, March 1, 1954, seventy per cent of the worker priests carried on in defiance of the order to accept the new rules set down for them and in spite of the kindly worded pleas of the bishops concerned.

In the fall of 1954 the *Editions de Minuit* in Paris, an avant-garde and not very selective publishing venture, published a volume compiled by the worker-priests who were under the cloud of suspicion—seventy-three out of one hundred, if I read correctly. Now someone has translated the dossier into English; it has been published in England and in the U.S. *The Worker Priests* (Macmillan. $5.) carries no imprimatur and the scripture quotations are taken from the Authorized Version. This is enough to mark the book as irregular, to warn Catholics against taking it as the last word on the affair, and to cast suspicion on the claim of the collective authors that they present the facts objectively. Even a superficial reading of the book, both in the original and in this accurate and detached translation, reveals that this is not a calm and disinterested witness. Under the apparent restraint there lurks a profound disappointment and sadness. But this feeling is not caused by a lack of humility and justice; all that can be said against the experiment is in this record. Clearly, the worker-priests have heard all the arguments, doctrinal, moral and disciplinary, that anyone in authority, however disposed, could say. Catholics must feel troubled that these priests are so stubborn and do not obey when Rome has spoken so clearly. One looks for an explanation of such an attitude on the part of such generous and dedicated priests.

THE DOCUMENTS in the book suggest that at first the French hierarchy supported the worker-priests and only gradually realized that the Holy See was seriously disturbed, not so much by the many false accusations and denunciations, as by the doctrine involved. For the character of the experiment cannot be understood apart from the priesthood considered as a traditional institution with a long historical evolution. In giving permission to Cardinal Suhard to start the experiment of worker-priests, Pope Pius XII had expected the Cardinal to be in close touch with these priests, to guide and lead them through this very novel experience. But when the Cardinal died, the priests in the factories and slums became involved in such a fashion that they were judged to have rewritten the concept of the priesthood, even of the Church. They made claims in the name of the "Incarnation" which claimed to transpose this divine fact into the new proletarian situation; they invoked the Gospel and

Father Reinhold, a regular contributor, is well known for his work in the liturgical movement.

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caused the Pope to fear a new evangelism or neo-Protestantism, already implicit in the claim of these men when they replaced what they called a questionable and sterile tradition in favor of their interpretation of the Gospel.

Those hostile to the whole enterprise never ceased to point out these strictures. They suggested that the worker-priests had swallowed the Communist Party line and were being intellectually and spiritually infiltrated by Marxism, adopting attitudes that were in the spirit of class war. The worker-priests were accused of "spiritual demagogy," of being quixotic, or working with a false and unrealistic concept of a "working-class world," which they endowed with heroism and romantic traits that it really lacked, a concept that belonged to the Party mystique and its mouthing by Communistic agitators. They were dangerously independent of the hierarchy because they claimed that only those who had crossed into the proletariat could be judges of the burning issues that confronted them on all sides, and because the swift action necessitated by the very nature of their apostolate demanded that they be not told but that they decide issues for themselves.

Such claims are crucial in a Church which proudly claims to be founded on the Rock of Peter. The identification with the cause of the working class, assuming that it exists, had made of these worker-priests, as Father Gabel says, "liberators"—a political and secular term—instead of "redeemers," which has otherworldly and spiritual overtones. From Spain and Italy free counsel was offered: be satisfied with being chaplains for workers and unions; a student chaplain does not, *ex officio,* become a student and Franco's union chaplain worked through the unions without giving up the traditional way of clerical life. By entering on the side of the working class the worker-priests took the chance that their "evangelism would result in the hardening of class war."

With all Catholic sociologists, Catholics assume that the aim of the Church is cooperation between classes, not their strife. But the worker-priests had made "religion an appendage to sociology" and had given the working class the mystique "of a divinely ordained preeminence." They spoke as if there were one "wicked class, the bourgeoisie—and one that is always right, the workers." A messenger of Christ should speak to a member of his flock not of "the injustices he suffers, but prophetically of the sins which he commits." "You are speaking to them in the language of the Evil One," the priests were told. The maintenance of their stand was compared to that of noncoms who publish a proclamation in the press, refusing to go on to battle and "to proceed to a fresh position, because their commander-in-chief in his strategy is less acceptable than the one they personally prefer." This was, of course, a malignant way to present the qualms of conscience felt by the worker-priests. Even so benign and open-minded a Bishop as Cardinal Saliège said as early as August, 1953, at the beginning of the acute crisis, "You would think that there was a concerted movement [in the worker-priest experiment] to prepare a welcome for Communism in the heart of the Catholic Church."

THE PRESS, relying on gossip and leaks, blew on the embers and fanned the fires. On September 24, 1953, according to them, two Cardinals seemed to voice their sympathies with the cause of the worker-priests and were quoted protesting against changes in the experiment. By October 3, one of them, the Archbishop of Paris, after acknowledging that the Jocists (*Jeunesse Ouvrière Chrétienne*) had disappointed the hopes they promised for the reconquest of the working class, supposedly said: "The evil has become wider and deeper . . . Hence the cry, 'France is a mission field.' The new venture of the worker priests is in grave danger and these men need our prayers. The dangers are four in number: the employment of human, material, political means instead of spiritual; the distinction of a spiritual Church from the 'organized' Church; failure to keep the law of charity applied to all classes; a preference given to the judgments of individual conscience over the spirit of obedience, a sort of neo-Protestantism."

One must keep in mind a few facts that lie in the background of this struggle and of the deviation of the worker-priests. Persons in leading positions in the Church in France had earlier made statements that described capitalism as "decaying." The hierarchy had called for "structural changes in society more in keeping with Christian ideals and less shaped by the basic urge of the capitalistic system, the profit motive." The JOC, from which so much had been expected for the reconquest of the working class, seemed to have failed. It apparently made no dent in the armor of the proletarian movement. Only the common experience of the resistance had created a feeling of heroic solidarity among the proletariat, and its most heroic persons were the Christians and the Communists. The French "bourgeoisie" is not the American employer class, nor are the French unions success-organizations in the sense that these are symbolized by such figures as John L. Lewis, Philip Murray, or Walter Reuther.

In a romantic generalization the courageous priests remembered what that great Dominican reformer, Lacordaire, had said over a hundred years earlier: "What does the poor man get out of a liberty that shuts him out from everything, just because he is poor? Money is the means to everything. And the poor man has none. If you start from there, how can the problem

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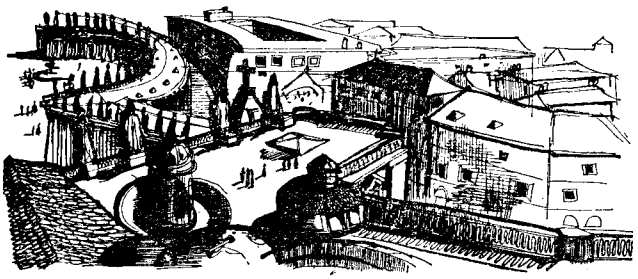
of liberty fail to be transformed into a civil war between haves and have-nots?" These generous and self-sacrificing men not only felt this, but they lived with the feeling of doom in their souls, only too ready to accept the hopes and expectations of the Marxists whose convinced leaders, on the local level, were ready to bear anything for the sake of the revolution, while many Christians were on the side of the entrenched and the wealthy. The present book quotes a prelate who said to the annual assembly of French Employers' Association: "We must rid ourselves of a complex of decadence and sometimes—this applies to you employers—of an inferiority complex . . . what advice are we Bishops to give you, unless it is to make the most of the liberties remaining to you? Defend them as we ourselves defend them in other fields. There is no harm in clinging to a tiny ledge, provided it is used as a vantage point for climbing back."

While one may wonder why this was said and even what precisely it means, the men who had crossed into the camp of the workers to win them for Christ by first becoming like them could not help feeling that such talk nullified all the declarations of the Church and the clergy that they were sympathetic to the suffering of the "downtrodden." Were they blessing the spirit of class warfare in the wrong camp? This leads to the core of the whole problem: the deep distrust of European labor against the employers as a class. And the prelate's statement was exploited to support the old Marxist canard that the Church is an ally of the wealthy and the powerful.

WE IN America cannot fully understand the extent of the spiritual unrest which gripped Europe in the face of the slow, syrup-like advances of the Communists during the post-war period, covering whole countries with the tough red molasses which oozes out from Moscow. Once the feeling of final doom has possessed a man, all his judgments are colored by a helpless and impotent fear or rage. Whittaker Chambers and Arthur Koestler are witnesses that even those who free themselves from the shackles of the organization never conquer the feeling that in the long run the free world is finished.

Once this frame of mind is granted, all falls into a pattern. The only thing these men could do, they thought, was to try a new "Incarnation" of Christ to meet the new situation. Poverty today is not that of the carpenter of Nazareth, but of the *banlieue* of Paris, of the pay check and the layoffs and the strikes of mammoth factories. The community of the Chosen Race under the Roman heel has become the membership of the proletariat; their brotherhood is found in the downtrodden masses all over the world, in India and South Africa, in the slums of Algiers, in Chicago and Tokyo. Original sin has become more than our common individual fate; it has become, with them, the collective guilt of society in its toleration of the few living from the sweat and tears of the many. At least that is what we read in the letters and memoranda which the more articulate among the worker-priests submitted to their superiors in a mood that repeats a "St. Joan of Arc's historical situation," an eternally French gesture—grand and tragic—in which the anguish of Bishop Cauchon is often too readily dismissed or even forgotten.



In its first section, *The Worker Priests* gives a "film" of the events from 1943 to 1954, reaching its dramatic climax after the spring of 1953. It reflects the atmosphere of uncertainty, of rumor, of leaks to the press, of premature reporting, of partisan editorializing, of vain attempts by authorities to handle the matter discreetly so to spare the worker-priests. One is aware that the true concern of the Shepherd is present and that only the grave responsibility to maintain the discipline and tradition of the *evolved* Church has moved it. One can almost feel the regret that, humanly speaking, Cardinal Suhard died so untimely. The intrigues of the *bien pensants,* the denunciations of the calumniators, the gossip of the small minds perhaps did nothing but dramatize the fate of the movement and highlight its dangers. Basically the Holy See had nothing to do with these actions; instead it weighed the whole affair and judged it to be both immature and premature.

IF THE forms of the Church's existence are subject to change, as they were in the past, and if this proves the "permanent incarnation" of the mystical Christ, there may well be more in what the worker-priests have to say. We can only hope that they will find the strength to hoard their vision and their light in order to correct what is faulty, even though the new constitution is trying the impossible of bridging the gap between institutional requirements and charismatic departure, between the firm stone pier on one side and the floating and warm stream of life on the other. One of the new rules to reintegrate these apostles into the traditional pattern of clerical life is that they work no more than three hours a day at any secular job and

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that they spend the rest of their time at clerical pursuits and in ecclesiastical surroundings. That this is not even a compromise solution for those who see the essence of their new priestly apostolate in the sharing of the hazards of proletarian forms of life is apparent even to outside observers. For, according to this apostolate, the priest "must suffer in soul, in flesh and in blood, suffer from the capitalist system in all its guises, brutal or masked"; he must share the proletariat's struggles and hopes without beforehand "setting limits to the degree of his solidarity."

The advocates of the unusual apostolate claim that the Church deliberately "preferred the present sociological basis of Catholicism to a vanguard of priests launched into the midst of the people," which to them means the workers, and they miss "the presence of the Church in a new civilization." These advocates accept uncritically the thesis that Marxism has revealed a new civilization. Their credulity on one side is matched only by an almost morbid distrust on the other. And these attitudes are shared, to some degree, by the worker-priests themselves.

Did the translation of this book and its publication in the United States fulfill any need? Would merciful and filial silence not have served a better purpose? Apart from the fact that it is too late for that now, it is hard to believe that American Catholics are less mature than their English brethren. "The truth fears nothing so much as being hidden," to vary Tertullian, with whom these errant pioneers share the sad fate of being at odds with the "Catholics"! Now Rome has spoken; the case is closed as far as our judgment goes. But "misericordia superexaltet judicium"; mercy is higher than judgment. Even when in error and lacking in perspicacity and obedience, one is entitled to a day in court.

Others will read the records and they will not be satisfied with the charge that this is a partisan and a "pink" presentation. The problem is there and the failure to solve it throws light into obscure corners that we should explore for our own instruction. It is obvious that the solution the worker-priests offer is in its execution untimely; in its assumptions unrealistic; in its outcome destructive of ecclesiastical tradition; and in its doctrinal grounds, to say the least, dangerous now. A later age may again profit from the daring and generosity of these brave and zealous men and distill out of their venture the wine of a new apostolate. But to the present era this was an experiment "born out of due time." All seventy-three who are in such mortal danger deserve our prayers and our goodwill and belief that their conscience bids them act as they do. On this issue the Church, as well as St. Thomas, has things of comfort to say.

THE WILL TO RESIST

Lessons of Hungary

THOMAS MOLNAR

WE MAY BE sure that for a long time to come politicians, ideologists and historians will carefully analyze the lessons of the Hungarian uprising. They will turn this strange phenomenon over and over, examine it from a Marxist or anti-Marxist point of view, diagnose it as a political miracle or as the result of insufficient consumer goods. It is as likely as not that in the general search for the correct approach the significance of two factors will be, in the long run, overlooked. One is that the October 23 revolution was started by intellectuals and students; the other is that to the whole movement the traditional, patriotic and national consciousness has given a secure and unbroken frame of reference.

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The intellectuals, writers and artists are the whipping boys of the mid-century. They are generally blamed for experimenting with new ideas when the world would be so much more comfortable without ideas, ideologies and systems. With all their apparent attempt at explaining *la trahison des clercs,* books like *The God That Failed* or *The Captive Mind* merely point, with hardly concealed scorn, at the baffling errors and contemptible dishonesty of the professor and the poet throughout the shameful adventure of Communist enslavement. What these books (and other popular analyses) fail to reveal is that very few intellectuals have sold their souls to the Stalinist devil without reprieve. The immense majority, the professors in the universities, the poets in their literary circles, the journalists behind their desks, continued to think and

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even to act, and became—after a very short honeymoon with the regime—the unassimilable splinter in the despot's flesh.

It has been told many times, but it bears repeating: the intellectuals in Hungary and Poland—as those in France and other Western European countries—belonged to the prewar middle class which had first become discredited by the Fascist adventure, and then eliminated as a political force by post-war inflation and the Communist state. But while the bourgeoisie, demoralized and cut off from the roots of its well-being and comfort, yielded meekly to the liquidators, the intellectuals found a new *raison d'être* in the now secret, now open criticism of and opposition to their Communist masters. In other words, of all the categories of pre-war eastern European society, only the intellectual (inside and outside the Church) opposed successfully its own liquidation. The rest—middle class, upper-middle class and aristocracy—fled to the West, surrendered to the regime, or retired grudgingly, waiting in an increasingly hopeless mood the improbable appearance of the liberation armies.

It is true that the intellectuals, even the old guard, were a relatively privileged body in the Communist state. The sentence pronounced on them had not been liquidation but rather an injunction to conform. *Gleichschaltung,* to use the terminology of another dictatorship. This surcease gave them a breathing spell and a modicum of freedom at least—so the regime reckoned—until a new intellectual cadre would be hurried through the indoctrinating machines and assembly-line schools. Here, however, the Communist planners miscalculated.

IN THE LAST pre-war academic year in Hungary, in 1937-38, the school children of worker and peasant extraction formed only four per cent of the total school population; seventeen years later, in 1954-55, the ratio was sixty-three per cent. The enormous effort to provide the "people's democracy" with a loyal personnel to be used in the administration, the schools, the army and the research laboratories, propelled hundreds of thousands of peasant and working-class boys and girls towards positions of responsibility, even of leadership. Yet, at the most vital point, that of their indoctrination, the Communists dismally failed. The compulsory courses in Russian language and "Marxism-Leninism" which crowded out the traditional subject-matters from the curriculum, created, instead of a conformist and obedient youth, a rebellious attitude and a hunger for serious studies. It is significant that the manifestation at the Joseph Bem Square was sparked by the students of Political Science and Economics, that is, by those who for years had been subjected to the most thorough indoctrination of all, since they were to become the pillars of the new society.

Only those who once lived under a dictatorial regime, Communist or Nazi, may truly appreciate the innumerable and subtle ways by which teachers, artists and writers communicate their real thoughts to each other and to their students and followers. In every totalitarian ocean there remain little islands of indestructible intellectual and moral resistance, with roots in a common tradition and in the consciousness of similar aspirations. As the psychologists of indoctrination tell us, the man in the street may eventually be persuaded or pressured to mouth, even to believe, the nonsense he is taught; but the genuine artist or poet or philosopher will never accept with his inner being the restrictive molds imposed on his intellectual, ethical and esthetic convictions. What is likely to happen is that he develops an artificial vocabulary which the Party-official accepts at face-value, but which conveys an altogether different, a critical and rebellious, meaning to the initiated.

This is what happened in Hungary. Otherwise how are we to explain the unscathed survival of Western orientation and democratic convictions in the youth, their astonishing political maturity and moderation, their direction of a delicately balanced movement threatened by suppression on the Left and confusion on the Right? The young Hungarian intelligentsia, in harmony with their elders, displayed an incredible understanding and critical evaluation of the national and international scene, of the interests involved, and the deviations that were made possible by a naturally inadequate coordination of the country's forces. According to the most reliable reports and the participants' own accounts, the intellectuals and students, from beginning to end, supported Imre Nagy, warned the nation against the followers of Geroe who now appeared in disguise, and against the followers of Horthy who were stirring in the Transdanubian provinces. It was not their fault that the originally considerable chances of a Nagy-led consolidation, working on the lines laid down in Gomulka's Poland, were engulfed in a general chaos.

BUT WHY was Imre Nagy the natural choice of the responsibly reasoning elements whose opposition to Communism was, otherwise, notorious? Nagy was the only one among Communist high officials who had understood that the uprising—and the whole movement leading to it—was not motivated by economic discontent alone, but that patriotic, national and religious factors were playing a role in it too. The Communists in general are utterly contemptuous of traditions, values and national memories, and so are, unfortunately, many so-called enlightened thinkers who consider nationalism and traditions anomalies in

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the twentieth century. But while the Communists intend to replace national attachments by a vague "socialist" loyalty to the Home of the Revolution, and while some Western enthusiasts would strip all nations of their individuality and sovereignty, the Hungarian revolution strikingly demonstrated the vital need for a national consciousness.

The opposition to Stalinism in Hungary (and in Poland) came from all layers of the population. But it may be said that, by and large, the would-be rebels were members of the non-Communist or pseudo-Communist intelligentsia, understood and supported by the young peasants and workers. In other words, the beneficiaries of the regime were the first to turn against it, against the Russification of their country, the imposition of alien models, the planned disintegration of the national framework. In the countryside the churches served as spiritual refuge for an ideologically hard-pressed youth; in the cities, in schools and study-clubs, the classics of Hungarian literature, Petofi, Vorosmarty, Madach, Ady, continued to be the admired masters, the shields of insulted patriotism.

These names, while representing the best in literature, cannot be separated from the many centuries-old struggle for national independence and political maturity. Together with the recent or still active literary figures like Attila Jozsef, Sandor Voros, Aron Tamasi, Jules Illyes, they are one with the nation, expressing and articulating its deepest sorrows and never-dying hopes, speaking and writing with the rhythm of the people's own heartbeat. The peculiar geographical position of Hungary has made of it a highway for Tartars and Turks, Hapsburgs, Germans and Russians. Thus the country always needed leaders who would guide it through the turmoil, would protect its heritage and historical continuity, give it courage and bolster its morale. The writer, the soldier and the statesman have often had parallel tasks, and the figure of the poet wielding pen and sword—an image so well embodied by Sandor Petofi—has become a kind of national symbol. If the revolution of 1848 has left such stirring memories in the hearts of every Hungarian, it is because it was a revolution according to the classical model: it started with the intellectuals demanding independence from Austria and freedom of the press, it continued with the liberation of imprisoned Michael Tancsics, theoretician of a better social order, and it culminated with Petofi declaiming his immortal stanzas from the steps of the National Museum. The oratory of Kossuth, Petofi's fighting poetry, Tancsics' martyrdom: all this blended in one great moment in the nation's life, ready to inspire generations to come as an inexhaustible reservoir of heroism and sacrifice.

The young peasants, workers and students, and their leaders in the Petofi Circle and in the D. I. SZ. (Association of Democratic Youth), manifested openly their discontent soon after Stalin's death, in the spring of 1953. Many of them were members of the Party, but from that date on they became its most influential element. The hierarchy could no longer disregard their intensified criticism of high-level planning, mismanagement of industry and agriculture, economic subservience to the Russians. But Imre Nagy alone among the Communist leaders kept in close contact with the young intellectuals and understood the renaissance of their nationalism. As Francis Fejto writes, "by 1952 Nagy realized that the majority of the working-class youth was penetrated with the same 'national revolutionary' state of mind which characterized the youth of other classes; he understood then that in order to survive and extend roots, the Party must become 'national.'" His efforts, however, only made him suspect in the eyes of his colleagues. The accusation of "nationalist deviation" was hovering above his head until the time when, for a few short days, this no longer meant a term of abuse.

COULD IT be that Soviet imperialism will stumble and fall not on account of the flaws in Marxist economic science, but because it disregards some basic elements in the make-up of individuals and nations? If so, the free world might also learn from the lesson. Many of us are impatient with the manifestations of the national spirit which we call irrational and belonging to the dark ages of the nineteenth century. But by calling nationalism atavistic tribal belief, and by attempting to wipe out or make our children unlearn national memories, branded permanent sources of discord, we risk destroying a force of resistance to tyranny. If there is an important lesson to the events in Hungary, it is one which we forget because it is so obvious: the conscience of a nation is concentrated in those who live with its past no less than with its present, who cherish its memories as their own, and are able to stir them up in their compatriots whenever disaster threatens. We may feel a deep sorrow for the fate of Hungary and of the Hungarians, but we may also envy them. In this age of un-balance and anxiety they knew why they lived and why they died.

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CATHOLICS AND CIVIL LIBERTIES

TWENTY-FIVE or thirty years ago American Catholic social thinking was fairly primitive. Most Catholic schools, colleges and practically all religious orders, for instance, drew a color line. They did so not out of ill will but out of ignorance and thoughtlessness. Until they learned better, they did not even think of their exclusiveness as a problem. Today, Catholic leaders are second to none in proclaiming the rights of Negro Americans. Moreover, even in the deep South, Catholic bishops, priests and members of religious orders have set a magnificent record in practicing what they preach.

The history of Catholics and the "social question" is similar. For years the principles found in the 1891 *Rerum Novarum* were kept like a skeleton in the closet. Even when these same principles were reiterated forty years later in *Quadragesimo Anno* it took time before they were generally accepted.

There are courses on the papal encyclicals and the social teachings of the Church in the colleges and seminaries now, and the Church is generally regarded as a progressive force on the social scene. Bishops address union rallies, Labor Day is celebrated with special Masses in the nation's largest cathedrals and the architects of labor-management relations rely heavily on Catholic social thought.

People were surprised during the McCarthy controversy to find that some of the Senator's most ardent defenders in the Catholic press were unaccountably liberal in their racial and social views. It was baffling to discover that a magazine like *The Sign,* which could draw gunfire from the White Citizens Councils or the right wing of the National Association of Manufacturers, would go all-out for the Junior Senator.

The anomaly could not surprise anyone familiar with the American Church. For the fact is that the younger leaders of the Church know something about the social question and are solidly grounded in the progressive principles found in the papal encyclicals. Taking their lead from American pioneers like Msgr. Ryan and Father LaFarge, they have prepared themselves to speak with knowledge and authority as well as with compassion on such matters as union organization and racial integration.

But on questions involving American civil liberties, it seems to me, these same leaders lag behind and have not prepared themselves to handle anything but the most abstract philosophical issues. There is practically no Catholic writing on the subject of American civil liberties worth reading, excepting of course the pioneering labors of Father John Courtney Murray. Most Catholic pronunciamentos on the subject merely echo the ideas found in writers like Aquinas, Bellarmine and Suarez, excellent thinkers all but men who had no experience with the kind of popular pluralist democracy found in the United States.

We had a good example of this "cultural lag" a few years ago. In the "Miracle" case the Supreme Court, passing on the meaning of the first amendment, came out unanimously against the almost universal opinion of Catholic leadership in this country. Of course the Court is not infallible. But the justices are eminent jurists. It is not unreasonable to say that when they agree, their unanimity should give pause.

After all, they were in their own field, the law of the United States and its traditions. And on matters of civil liberties this is what counts—what *our* law is, what *our* traditions are, the principles of *our* government. If Aquinas or Bellarmine were Americans living today, they might write brilliantly on such matters. But they knew nothing of the United States and the kind of government we have here, so it seems not only unfair but unwise to attack a problem in civil liberties—American civil liberties—as if these church fathers had the last word on it.

It is no help at all, to recall one recent instance, when a Catholic writer cites philosophical and theological authority to deny a citizen's moral right to "think subversively" and skips along then to the conclusion that by thinking such thoughts the citizen loses his claim on the civil liberties guaranteed by the Constitution. Such is the nature of American democracy that a citizen may *think* as he pleases and the thoughts he nurtures are simply no business of the State. The Catholic writer should have known that.

Just this week I received a letter from a seminarian who triumphantly produced a citation from Canon Law to prove that the Church has a legal right to organize boycotts against a theatre-owner. But Canon Law is not the law of the United States. The question is what does the law of the land say? What did the Founding Fathers say? What do America's leading jurists say? The seminarian did not seem to care.

There can not be too much Aquinas, Bellarmine, Suarez or Leo XIII in the Catholic colleges and seminaries. But every day I see need for some concrete and pertinent study of Jefferson, Madison, Tom Paine, the Federalist papers, the classics of American democracy. The average seminarian writing on civil-liberties questions sounds like a man writing from medieval Florence. Put more American political science in the seminaries and there will be fewer McCarthyites in the pulpits.

JOHN COGLEY.

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THE SCREEN

WHAT, NO PICKLES?

PERHAPS the most remarkable thing about "Full of Life" is that it fusses so little with the standard jokes about pregnancy. Once Judy Holliday establishes the fact that she's always hungry, determined to rid the house of germs, vaguely jealous of other women's svelte figures and annoyed at her own bulk, the picture gets on to other situations. Actually the most remarkable thing about "Full of Life" is that a movie was made at all about an eight-months-pregnant woman, especially a film so extraordinarily frank, funny, warm and, indeed, so full of life.

Obviously John Fante, who wrote the screen play from his own story, understands and likes his characters; and his script is quite Catholic in spirit—even when his people are not. Director Richard Quine handles his good cast with loving care; in a series of well-paced episodes, he lets them expose their foibles and good points, and the result is amusing and poignant comedy. Judy Holliday, in a distinct departure from her squeaky-voiced dumb-bunny roles, is warm and sincere and lovable as the expectant mother who insists she's neither a wife nor a mother in this awkward period but a "suspended nothing." But she's certainly not "nothing" as she goes about house-cleaning, eating, and annoying her husband. Richard Conte is just right as the husband who's trying to write a book at home and still trying to be loving and patient with his demanding wife.

An unlikely invasion of termites descends on Judy and Richard's little house near Los Angeles, and the final straw comes when they enlist the aid of Richard's father, a bricklayer who thinks he knows the answers to everything. This role is played with full Italian-American gusto by opera-singer Salvatore Baccaloni, who starts knocking down walls, running the house to suit himself and bossing the youngsters like a prima donna. Very Catholic Papa berates his daughter-in-law for not having any religious pictures around the house, deplores the fact that Richard has left the Church and Judy is not Catholic, and is indignant that they were not married in the Church. Without any subtlety, he invites a priest to the house to set things right. Papa doesn't always get his way, but he adds a great deal to the humor and realism of this pleasant, touching comedy.

AMERICANS are fortunate in having foreign films shown in this country, for they are frequently thought-provoking and likely to snap us out of the complacency into which Hollywood movies often lull us. A German export called "The Devil's General" is such a film. It is based on a play by Carl Zuckmayer, which in turn was vaguely based on the later career of Ernst Udet, a famous German flier. It is mainly about a certain General Harras, head of the *Luftwaffe* during the period shortly after 1941 when *Reichsmarschall* Goering and Gestapo Chief Himmler were vying for control of the *Luftwaffe*. Harras is, unhappily, caught between the two big shots (who are not played by actors but are successfully evoked as characters through voices and clever cinema). What makes Harras' position even more difficult is his unconcealed distaste for Hitler and the Gestapo. The show-down comes for him when defects are discovered in many of the new planes, and Harras, himself, discovers that the sabotage was caused by one of his close friends.

Expertly directed by Helmut Kautner, "The Devil's General" is a well-made film acted by a first-rate cast. Curt Jurgens, combining the charm of Boyer and Gable, plays the general to perfection. He is especially effective when, after going through the first part of the film with a sort of Jazz Age, hard-drinking abandon, he suddenly realizes his responsibility for the rise of Hitler. "Evil thrives where it is allowed to exist." Although Jurgens wins most of our attention, his co-actors are also outstanding: lovely Marianne Cook as the young actress who falls in love with him; Camilla Spira as her aunt, a famous actress; Victor De Kowa as the SS general who hopes to lure Harras into the Party; Karl John as Harras' friend, the saboteur trying to stop the Nazis and the war; and many others in equally important roles in this best movie to come from Germany since "The Last Ten Days."

"The Devil's General" is actually a melodrama, at times flamboyant and at times very talky. The first part, when the 1941 political situation is hashed over by practically all the characters, is a little difficult to follow even with the help of Herman Weinberg's good English sub-titles. But one has no difficulty in getting the over-all effect of the movie, of the unrest,

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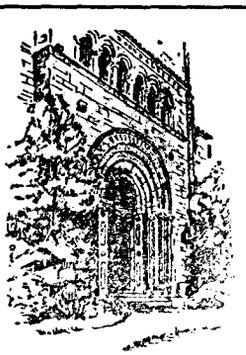

Prospective students should make early application

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spying and counter-spying that went on in Germany. Some audiences may be surprised to learn that there were Germans who protected the Jews and who hated Hitler and what he stood for. Other viewers will object to the film's sensational ending, based on the idea that "He who was the devil's general on earth must find quarters in hell." But no one will see this impressive film without being stirred by it.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

THE ILLUSION OF SERIOUSNESS

IT IS difficult to know what intention has prompted Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Goetz to fashion "The Hidden River" to theatrical uses; it is even harder to discern what must have been the shape of Miss Storm Jameson's original novel. Mr. and Mrs. Goetz, of course, are zealous practitioners of the peculiarly modern craft of adaptation, who have industriously honed their surgical knives over Gide's *The Immoralist* and Henry James' *Washington Square*. The first of these I found, for all its thick earnestness and cautious, preening audacity, perilously close to farce, while of "The Heiress" (*Washington Square*), Miss Mary McCarthy observed that it would have been idle to complain of the playwrights' having missed the Jamesian point, had only they missed it completely.

Mr. and Mrs. Goetz, however, are intelligent persons, with an eye for a subject, and they do not miss points completely. Doubtless what evoked their response to "The Hidden River" was some vague awareness of large themes of loyalty and heroism—the drama is about a postwar French family still wrenched by the various commitments of the occupation—and these hover pregnantly about a sequence of scenes of recrimination. But at the last, what interests Mr. and Mrs. Goetz is the illusion of seriousness rather than the austere thing itself, and they succumb to the specious pleasures of melodrama, extinguishing their richer concerns in the flood of an all too palpable river of theatricalism. No more than in "The Heiress" have they been able to resist a final tableau of lurid retribution and vengeance, which is the precise moral equivalent of their adaptation.

Mr. Robert Lewis is a director whose broad effects I do not specially admire, and "The Hidden River" permits indulgence of his hysterical excesses. In so insistently pitched an atmosphere, Mr. Robert Preston, a player whose charm is that of the rational and the masculine, is disquietingly out of place, and Miss Lili Darvas' stony malevolence as the unforgiving mother seems willful and fatiguing. There is at least relief in

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RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"ACADEMIC FREEDOM"

New York, N.Y.

TO the Editors: If Academic Freedom is to be accorded to those who are in the pursuit of truth, does this embrace freedom in areas that are patently false? When one views "the sizzling question of Communists on the faculty" ["Academic Freedom," Jan. 25], one gets the impression that those who defend their position on the faculty do so on the basis that in uncommitted secular universities there is no criterion of truth and error. How can Academic Freedom be used as cloak for obvious error? and certainly Communism is obvious error. What else justifies the attitude of the vast majority of American citizens, the policy of the government, the preparation by the Armed Forces except the fact that Communism is very wrong and clearly so?

Has the duty of the University to students and parents been overlooked in this "sizzling question"? Has not the student the right to be protected from definite errors? The point comes to this: Communism does not deserve the protection of Academic Freedom precisely because it is error. Communism resides only in Communists whether they be Khrushchev or a professor.

How can a professor be considered intellectually competent when he adheres to such an error? How can his moral character be sufficiently trustworthy when he adheres to a doctrine that justifies murder, lying, dishonesty, violence, materialism, slave-labor, genocide, etc. Bertrand Russell was kept out of City College because of his views on free love. A Communist professor would not only agree with Mr. Russell on free love but would continue further by saying that man is free from all Ten Commandments and even more.

It is pedagogically impossible for a teacher to confine his influence to the subject that he is teaching and it is impossible for a teacher to have strong, basic convictions without having them color his expressed views. To top this, a Communist must prepare his students for communism. "Everyone must organize their life according to the Communist ideology. Theory and practice must always go forward hand in hand. . . . Every article (even a strictly scientific one) must take a positive attitude with regard to the Communist ideology. . . . According to Communist ideology, 'science is slanted' and 'objectivism' is a heresy. At the very least the introduction and conclusion of a book must be a profession of Communist faith. But ordinarily this is not enough; the infiltration of Communist ideology in scientific works must be more profound." (From: Religious Problems in a country under Communist Rule.)

It would seem that Academic Freedom is being used to protect academic corruption when we allow a Communist professor to teach. To protect a student from corruption is a duty; to protect a corrupted professor is not a duty. Justice is violated primarily by a failure of a duty.

(*Rev.*) HERMAN L. HEIDE.

South Bend, Ind.

TO the Editors: I wish to thank Mr. John Cogley for his presentation of my talk of last April and the editors of The Commonweal for their concern in presenting this controversy to their readers ["Academic Freedom," Jan. 25].

Had I been informed of the intention to review my position, I would have pointed out that in the Winter, 1956 *Bulletin* of the American Association of University Professors, Sidney Hook, writing with Ralph F. Fuchs, presented a restatement of his convictions on this question which seem to be closer to my own and at variance with the position stated in his *Heresy Yes, Conspiracy No*. I point this out now because I believe with Mr. Hook that "the prospects of academic freedom brighten in proportion to the number of teachers and scholars who reach agreement on sound principles which can rally the entire profession to fruitful action."

One point relative to my own position which Mr. Cogley's review has left in doubt. I see no reason why a past or present member of the Communist Party should be excluded by that fact alone from teaching in a Catholic school. The sole criterion to be applied to Communist, socialist, democrat, etc. alike is the very practical one of whether the individual teacher aims directly at destroying the pupil's interior assent to the revealed principles of faith and morals. Such religious sedition can no more be tolerated upon the religious campus than the teaching of forceful overthrow of a just government can be permitted upon the secular one. A secular university must be committed to those moral-political principles and processes which guarantee the uncoerced search for intellectual truth, ranging from the social stability necessary for the speculative quest to the more immediate criteria for intellectual honesty and truthful scholarship. It cannot tolerate, even in the name of freedom, those who aim at destroying free inquiry. Analogously, in a higher realm, the Catholic school cannot tolerate upon campus

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the teacher who aims at destroying assent to the moral presuppositions that give ultimate meaning not only to free intellectual inquiry but to human life itself. To demand of the Church such tolerance is to ask of her a pure rationalism that no secular university itself could accept.

A member of the Communist Party who in conscience and in practice conforms to the above requirement has as much right to teach upon the Catholic campus as any lay member of the Church. Indeed one might hope that in a situation in which academic freedom is not simply a matter of rational definition but a terminal achievement for which a damaged human nature strives, the Communist teacher would be accorded more liberty where religious certitude and grace would keep the fear of error's power within proper bounds.

JOURNET KAHN.

BOOKS

The Dignity Imposed by Perception and Reason

GIVE US THIS DAY. By Sidney Stewart. W. W. Norton. $3.50.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

THIS IS a book that makes one better for the reading of it. In December of 1941, the author, who is also the narrator, was crouched in a new foxhole in Manila. "I wondered how I could keep my trousers from getting muddy . . ." he writes. He was sent to Bataan and was captured there by the Japanese. Then the Death March—which began three years and some four months of captivity and ended in Manchuria when Stewart was liberated by the Russians.

There are many grisly images and actions in *Give Us This Day* and yet it is the best example I know of in contemporary literature of how a healthy mind can present, without distortion or offense to the reader, the most obscene material. It is not, perhaps, a proper book for the very young or for those whose sensibilities are deranged by the hideous; but for those Americans, the great majority of us, whom prosperity and ease have kept from thinking of suffering and death as everyday experiences, *Give Us This Day* is an excellent tonic.

Mr. Stewart is not an accomplished stylist, yet there is art in his record. His prose is a clean window. The facts and emotions that he relates to each other and to us are seldom heightened but they are never obscured by his style. For the reader—at any rate, for me—there is relief and repose in his unadorned narration of brutality, agony and death. During his chapter on the fall of Bataan, Stewart writes: "We had a horrible feeling of loss and loneliness. Loneliness, for death we knew was coming. And death strikes each man as an individual. You are alone, no matter how many are there." A truism, of course, but after all the talk recently about man in society, about emotional maturity and the serenity of old age, such authenticity is like fresh air to one suffocating.

After reading Stewart's book, the biographical note on the dust jacket is puzzling. The note tells us that Mr. Stewart has been living in Europe since 1948. You'd never take the narrator of this record for an expatriate. He was born and brought up in Oklahoma and he loved the land there, the wind, the sunsets. It is none of a critic's business where an author lives or why he lives there, but there is something insufferably frivolous and immature about America these days and I wonder if Stewart found it too much. According to Harvey Breit, Stewart offered this book to American publishers in the late forties. None of them wanted it. Unless the book has been radically revised in the meantime, American publishers were certainly frivolous and immature.

Why does his story, so full of horror, leave such a clean taste in the mouth? Frank O'Connor quotes Marcel Aymé as saying that when the Allied troops entered Belsen or Buchenwald they saw a poem by Baudelaire, a nightmare — "Le Squelette Laboreur." There is nothing of this in Stewart. He and his friends suffer horribly. All die except him. Six hundred prisoners are jammed into the hold of a ship not big enough for a hundred. The men suffocate, there is little water and little food. The dead fall and are trodden on. Many go mad and kill each other, slitting a buddy's throat and drinking his blood. A son kills his father. But Stewart and Rassmussen and the saintly Father Cummings are never implicated in this derangement. The world is still there, reality is distinguishable from fantasy. Order, the order of perception and reason, still holds. Mere anarchy is not loosed upon the world.

Rassmussen, Stewart's closest friend and an earnestly religious man, dies denying God. "I don't believe there is any God. All I know is that when I'm dead I'll never be tired again. I'll never be cold or hungry or beaten. I might not have rest or sleep. I won't even have anything, but that will be better than this. I don't even care if there isn't a God." This was in Modji, Japan. Stewart was alone. All the rest had died. For the first time in those long years, his will to live weakened. Not long before, he had killed a rat and devoured all of it but the skin and the bones which he gnawed. He felt himself dying and he saw his friends again. "Men I had never liked came to mind also, wearing deeper lines in their sad faces, all bearing the great indelible stamp of human dignity. Creation's goodness burned in all men. Most were led by the ram, some were eaten by selfishness, many were besieged by fears. Yet the flame was there, like a pilot light waiting for the right touch."

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And a few lines beyond: "Great indeed was the human dignity of God's image."

How different this is from the European experience. The Japanese were brutal but they had none of the systematic malice, the lascivious delight in human degradation that characterized the Nazi program of extermination. One need only compare Stewart's narrative with, say, some of the stories Czeslaw Milosz relates in *The Captive Mind*. This is to say that *Give Us This Day* does not enter the realm of politics, that realm in which man, the agent and victim of history, asserts his autonomy in a realistic fantasy.

"Give us this day" were the last words of Father Cummings. He was leading the captives in the "Our Father" when he died. Stewart's theme is gratitude, thanks given to God for what man has not made. Stewart does not assert the reality of spirit, he points to its presence.

Of Several Selves

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE, 1766-1769. Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. Volume VI of The Private Papers of James Boswell. McGraw-Hill. $6.

By ROSEMARY F. DEEN

"IT IS fine to be sensible of all one's various sentiments and to analyse them," Boswell remarks, and surely the pleasures of awareness and analysis predominate in the latest volume of his Journal. Ironically these pleasures belong more to the reader than to Boswell, who claimed them, for he was a man wonderfully prone to illusion. *Boswell In Search of a Wife* offers the additional pleasures of information, wit, conversation, love, and success—all the liveliness which raises the quotidian to comedy, and all in one of the best simple, graphic styles ever written.

The editors have provided the necessary eighteenth-century "background" in a first-rate introduction and footnotes. The annotation, intended to be "of a popular cast," succeeds so well that one is stunned by the sophistication that presents so much labor with so much finesse.

Boswell himself is of great interest to modern times. He has many selves: he struggles to understand some and to choose appropriate stances and roles for them; other selves he wishes to gratify, subdue, and deny all at once. Add to this struggle the ironic coloring of the mock-heroic—the situation of a man considered by some and suspected by himself to be "almost, at times, the Fool"—and you have the modern relish. "This evening, he writes, "I thought with astonishment, 'Is it really true that a man of such variety of genius, who has seen so much, who is in constant friendship with General Paoli, is it possible that he was all last winter the slave of a woman without one elegant quality?' " The man, of course, is Boswell, aged twenty-seven.

The acquisition of a wife provides the resolution of only one of the important themes of this Journal. Boswell is in search of himself so intently that most of the women he considers as wives tend to emerge as types. The women he could not marry are much easier to realize vividly. One of his crucial conflicts is his continuing struggle to free himself from his father and at the same time establish himself as his father's eldest son. Nor is he not certain what he should be. He tries various postures: the lawyer, the man of letters, the friend of great men, the paterfamilias with "old Gothic Salic male enthusiasm." All these are acceptable.

Other roles engage him, but are not acceptable except as diversions: the playhouse buck or the rake, "roaring" after girls. These interests have a tendency to get out of hand. Most of Boswell's women merely reflect the roles he can play, and like them are classified as acceptable or not. Of course this judgment has nothing to do with whether he can love them or not, and this thickens the plot considerably. There is, in fact, a general ambiguity of feeling. He complains, for example, how his fiery temperament suffers among the "cold" Scots, but he confesses to Johnson, "I am uneasy that I do not feel enough."

Though he would like to believe himself an enthusiastic lover, he does not love any of the heiresses. The truth pops out in passages like this: "I must tell you that on Tuesday last, drinking Miss Blair's health (for that is the name of my angelic princess), I got myself quite intoxicated, went to a bawdy-house, and passed a whole night. . . . I am abashed. . . ."

But the rich heiresses frighten him. Their fortune, their brilliance, or even their youth and beauty are too much for him. The one good woman who is not a type is his cousin, Margaret Montgomerie, a woman of sense, spirit, and real worth, who loves him (God help her), and triumphs over the heiresses. The "plot" would be trite if the reader did not know enough about Boswell to worry about whether he can choose his happiness.

Altogether Boswell was in his best years. He wrote a "book of the hour" about Corsica, acted as a lawyer in the successful Douglas Cause, renewed his friendship with Johnson (one conversation is not in the *Life*), and married a good woman. It may be, however, as the account of the struggle of a young man to achieve maturity that this volume strikes one of the deepest veins of contemporary interest.

Professed Piety

THE THRESHING FLOOR. By Joseph Coyne. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.95.

By RICHARD HORCHLER

THE THRESHING FLOOR might technically be called a religious novel—its central character is a priest and there is much reference in it to things religious—but it amounts to no more than magazine melodrama, hokum with an ecclesiastical twist.

The setting is an imaginary city-diocese in New England and the plot is concerned with big and

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little diocesan affairs over a period of almost twenty years, to the election of Pius XII in 1939. Diocesan affairs and the daily round of a curate's life are represented, however, in wildly implausible terms. The Sligo Park cathedral close, give or take a hundred yards, is the scene of arson, murder, suicide, abortion, earthquake, flood and diabolic ritual. On the other side of the ledger, there are miraculous cures, a return from death and ecstatic levitations. No doubt Mr. Coyne intended all this to be marvelously exciting if not realistic, but twenty years of bedlam is just too much.

The intention of the novel, we are told, is panoramic, and the cast of characters is accordingly large. Unfortunately, they are stock types —superficially conceived, incredible and, what is worse, uninteresting. The most fully drawn of the characters, Father Mario Sarto, is a man to whom everything happens but who does nothing himself. He seems never to think, and is hurled uncomprehending from one adventure to the next. The other figures in the drama are cardboard puppets, labeled for easy reference: the worldly priest, the ascetic priest, the kindly old bishop, the sneering apostate (Italian), the tubercular fallen woman and many, many more.

What we are to make of this ecclesiastical history is not clear. The title is drawn from St. Matthew 3:12, a verse which refers to the last judgment and the separation of the wheat from the chaff, even to the grains on the threshing floor. The novel is grandly spiritual in its pretensions, with reflective prologue and epilogue, epigraphs from scripture and the liturgy, and resoundingly titled sections, but it says nothing of consequence about religion or anything else. And it is hard to reconcile professed piety and seriousness of intention with pointless luridity and sensation.

In craftsmanship *The Threshing Floor* is no less crude. The writing is hackneyed, often incoherent and sometimes ungrammatical. The only power Mr. Coyne reveals is in invention, and even this is more a story-telling indefatigability than originality or subtlety of imagination.

In short, a disastrously bad first novel. It is reminiscent of Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal;* it even makes Mr. Robinson's extravaganza seem, in retrospect, quietly realistic and profound.

Cortes' Exploits

THE BERNAL DIAZ CHRONICLES. Translated and edited by Albert Idell. Doubleday. $5.

By VICTOR C. FERKISS

AMERICANS are notoriously lacking in an appreciation of the Spanish roots of American history and in a sense of kinship with their Spanish-speaking neighbors. Yet few literate Americans have failed to thrill to the adventures of Cortes—to the tale of the few hundred men who, without support from their homeland, toppled the mighty empire of the Aztecs in one action-packed year of fighting and intrigue. From Prescott to Archibald MacLeish, Cortes' legend has proved an unfailing source of fascination.

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Of especial interest is the picture Diaz draws of the contestants, a picture which gains in verisimilitude through its casual matter-of-factness. The Mexicans and their subject peoples receive full credit for bravery and honor from their simple

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soldier-opponent, who gazes with something like a barbarian's wonder at their complex and beautiful civilization and their mighty lake-bound capital. The admiration of Diaz and his companions is equalled, however, by the horror they feel when they are confronted by the evil aspects of paganism—human sacrifice, cannibalism, clerical sodomy. Unreflectively self-confident and convinced of the superiority of their own ways—unhampered by either cultural relativism or reverence for prescriptive rights—the Conquistadores put an end to pagan practices wherever they could, even at the cost of strengthening the resistance of their enemies. The invaders emerge from Diaz' account as a basically simple people, complex only by later standards— greedy and lustful, brave and proud, sincerely devoted to their Catholic religion and so lacking in race conciousness in the modern sense that an amalgam of conquerors and conquered forms the ethnic base of most Latin-American nations.

The story of the conquest of Mexico should give pause to those who tend to stress technological superiority as the basic consideration in the rise, spread, and preservation of Western civilization. The Spaniards' cannon and muskets were a minor factor in their military success. More important were the few horses the Spaniards had brought with them and the Aztec myth that bearded men would one day rule over the Mexicans; but most of the horses were soon killed, and the myth did not prevent the Aztecs from fighting on.

The factors which accounted for the overthrow of a mighty empire by five hundred desperate adventurers are to be found in the realm of the political and the spiritual. Mexico's oppressed neighbors defected to the enemy. Mexican leaders failed to take prompt and decisive action. And Cortes, despite some serious blunders, managed to maintain the initiative and to out-maneuver the Mexicans politically and militarily. The Conquistadores' triumph was not one of strength but of faith and will.

Serious Strainer

A TICKET FOR A SEAMSTITCH. By Mark Harris. Knopf. $3.

By JOHN P. SISK

WHY SHOULD a writer choose an overworked device like vernacular humor, when even if he does well with it he is likely to find himself in someone else's shadow? One answer is that a writer of genuine talent knows instinctively that devices, like old soldiers, never die, but are only beaten senseless every now and then by writers of small talent. Certainly Mr. Harris' vernacular novel (his third in the Henry Wiggen style) is very alive and funny and does not suffer from being in anyone's shadow.

Readers who like myself are meeting Henry Wiggen for the first time must know this: Henry is a pitcher for the world champion New York Mammoths who in his spare time writes books and sells insurance, "keeping out of the poorhouse that way." He is assisted by his wife, Holly, who handles his fan mail, keeps his tax matters straight and polishes up the grammar in his books. Into his life now come Piney Woods, a young catcher fresh up from the minors, a baseball-crazy seamstress who writes that she is striking across the country to see Henry pitch on the Fourth of July, and the consecutive-win record of Carl Hubbell, which he has a chance to equal or break.

A Ticket for a Seamstitch is really the story of Piney, "a young man not yet 21 who could be, without hardly straining, a motorcycle

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racer and a guitar player and an explorer in outer space all at once." Piney has great possibilities, perhaps even a chance at "a statue of his bust" in Cooperstown, but his head is full of moonshine. He has not got "the philosophy," or, as manager Dutch Schnell puts it to him, "the kind of one-track mind necessary to fill your purpose."

Hence the seamstress. From the moment Piney reads her letter he conceives her as an Impossible She and awaits her arrival nervously. The team has great hopes for her. "I believe a wife might solve him," says Dutch. But when she arrives (in time for the game in which Henry does not equal Hubbell's record) she is a nice girl but "a woman less than perfect." The shock is too much for Piney, who must learn that if in dreams begin reality they are still not the same thing. This is what Piney finally does realize. At the end we presume that he will get the philosophy.

Very little of the tremendous bulk of vernacular humor really gets inside the experience to which vernacular is both style and entree. One reason is that the vernacular sentence is too slippery to be caught alive in a trap that is nothing more than bad grammar, phonetic spelling and abused irregular verbs. But Mr. Harris catches it—for instance here as Piney seeks a coach's opinion of the seamstress's letter: " 'Give me your opinion,' he said, for he got only the greatest respect for Red, Red from Harvard and all, and Red read a page or 2 and squinted up his face some until finally he flipped back to Page One and seen where the letter was mine in the first place, not Piney's, the 2 of them sitting reading my mail which I hardly got past Page 2 myself so far."

This looks like the sort of sentence English teachers spend a great deal of time persuading their students not to write, but actually it is a controlled creation that both catches the movement of the vernacular mind and goes beyond it. The success that writers since Twain have had with this kind of sentence suggests what it is always hard for the pedagogical mind to accept: that there are aspects of reality that the standard English sentence cannot get at; that excellent as it may be, the standard English sentence is only a partial achievement, standing in need of the very writers who strain away from it. Mark Harris is, I believe, one of the strainers who should be taken seriously.

REVIEWERS

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Rosemary F. Deen is doing advanced work at the University of Chicago. This is her first appearance in The Commonweal.

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Then and Now

The lineaments of American business have long interested writers for The Commonweal.

Businessmen have come very largely to believe in a certain something which I have called "business psychology," and now speak of and make a show of studying what they call the "psychology" of employees, as though some new qualities had been discovered in them not previously known, and some new fields of exploration quietly opened up. The results of this mistaken attitude might be imagined to be laughable rather than dangerous, and harmless enough in the main; but my purpose at present is to show that such is not necessarily the case, and that the prevailing attitude of the business mind in this connection is fraught with some danger both to the businessman himself and to those committed by Providence to his care.

One has only to sit in at a meeting of directors, department heads, or executives of almost any kind and hear them discussing projected improvements or innovations to become aware early in the proceedings that many of these men actually do not seem to realize just what needs of employees really are. One asks oneself with a sense of consternation how it comes about that the people who have been entrusted with such power for good or for evil can appear to be so insensible to the desires and the necessities of their fellow men and women. Can it be that they themselves are out of touch with, or beyond the appeal of, our common humanity? The more one hears the more is one reluctantly compelled to believe that the answer to this question is in the affirmative.

For there is talk of "them" and "they" that sounds strange and unreal: what "they" will like, and what is good for "them," and how "they" will react, and so on—on matters that have every appearance of being childishly simple and obvious. The reasoning of many businessmen seems to be based on the assumption that the employee is a kind of strange creature whose nature has to be carefully studied and his ways and habits tabulated and classified, just as though he were built on entirely different lines from those who are setting out to solve his and their own problems. The one thing so many executives fail to do is to do treat the employee as an ordinary human being.

—J. B. M. Clark in The Commonweal, December 8, 1926

The new industrial relations experts realize that men do not live by bread alone. Hence the enlightened firm attempts to provide peace of mind. At DuPont, according to an article in *Collier's* a few years ago, the company "took on a psychiatrist much as it would take on an experimental physicist or a research chemist." His job is to gain the confidence of employees, to eradicate "ideas of unreality" and similar neurotic symptoms, and to help them make "a good social adjustment." One might inquire: adjustment to what? But at DuPont there is no such problem. For mental health means adjustment to life at DuPont. From such simple nostrums as vacation with pay to more sophisticated techniques like psychiatric treatment, companies are seeking to create an industrial worker who is economically secure, happy in his job, and adjusted to his place of work.

Yet such a citizen-worker must have a community in which to live. There is no point in creating Utopian men if there is to be no Utopia in which they can reside. This aspect is not being neglected. For a community involves much more than a forty-hour week in the factory; it must provide satisfaction for a man's entire existence. International Business Machines has built country clubs for its employees, and membership is open to all—regardless of rank—for the token sum of one dollar per year. There are twenty-six different activities provided, one for every taste. The clubs provide swimming pools, bowling, eighteen-hole golf courses, softball, tennis, and picnics and parties of all kinds. . . .

This certainly, is a good beginning. A beginning for what? The answer must be categorical: for a new industrial Utopia, in which the corporate employee is given no option other than to be treated as an entity that is capable of perfection. From retirement plans to shopping centers, from country clubs to psychiatrists, he is to be provided for on every front. Most important, he is not only economically secure: he is psychologically adjusted to, and socially compatible with, his fellow citizens in the corporation community. He is a happy man, a participating man, and, perhaps most significant, he feels freer than he ever felt before.

--Andrew Hacker in The Commonweal, February 8, 1957

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